

ASUDDEN SUBMISSION.

When Miss Winnifred Driscoll left the Western University, where her education had been completed, she realized that she merely had learned what she wished to know. The acquisition of this knowledge was to be the purpose of her future life. Among the many well-fixed ideas in her very clever little mind, the best fixed was her ability to care for and direct herself. She was independent of intellect, which she worshipped, and of body, which she affected to despise. There was no reason why she should not become a Hypatia—even if Hypatia was beautiful.

True, there was her guardian, Amos Grantley—it was to his home in the Eastern metropolis whither she was now bound—but so long as she did not exceed her allowance he would never interfere with her plans. As for his wife and daughter, they treated her with that deferential affection which a proudly intuitively demands. Miss Driscoll's itinerary took her over a little-travelled road, through a sparsely-inhabited country. There were but few passengers in the car with her; indeed, there seemed but few on the train, judging from the leisure which the negro porters found for card-playing and reveling in a rear section. For some reason, they were unkind and boisterous, but Winnie didn't mind their conduct, for she ignored it. She bore with her a folk work on philosophy and it was an aegis against distraction. As for the lack of society, she was vastly pleased. People who had never written surely could not compare with those who had. Coquetry was beyond her; she needed no deliverance from it. The modern young man she contended as the shadow of an ideal. Had here been the days of Wallace or Nelson, or even Ellsworth, she might have deemed love a subject worthy of mature deliberation. But as it was, she was skeptical of its existence, and contemptuous of its nature, if it did exist.

There was a young man on her very car, an unobjectionable, unassuming young man apparently, since he kept his seat, and also read. That was right. It would be hypocritical to blame him for being where he doubtless had a right to be; therefore, let him go into oblivion with the porters. Winnie did not even trouble herself, for it would have been a trouble, to scan his face. For one thing, she was near-sighted—A defect which gave a dreamy charm to her eyes—for another, she was quite too interested to risk losing her place.

One day, in the loneliest part of this lonely journey, there was much jolting and stopping and backing of train and shrieking of engine. Any ordinary young woman would have put her head out of the window to the detriment of her hat; but Winnie considered neither the common nor her bonnet. If there had been a collision ahead, and all running on time was disarranged, she presumed that the train hands understood their business. She certainly did hers, which was to improve her mind. However, towards evening, when they reached an isolated but called the "junction," and the car in which she rode was shunted on a siding, and the train went on without it, and there were no sights nor sounds of the train on the bleaching road, which was to amuse and draw it, then Winnie deemed to make inquiries, for she had not planned to camp out, which produced both chagrin and alarm. She learned that the connection had been missed, and that the car must remain there for twenty-four hours. She perceived that her informant, the porter, was insolent and intimated, and that several of his associates, in similar condition, too, had contrived to be left with him. But Winnie had the stout heart of inexperience. Her personal dignity had always been a thing to be guarded, and she was not about to let it be left with him. But Winnie had the stout heart of inexperience. Her personal dignity had always been a thing to be guarded, and she was not about to let it be left with him.

When the porter announced that "those who wanted to eat had better up stumps lively to the hotel, a mile distant down the cross road," she looked at her shoulders and said she wasn't hungry, thus proving her allegiance to the state of pupillage, and resuming her seat. She was caught one glimpse of a dark, crouching form, one gleam from wickedly-glowing eyes. She flung her heavy volume forth in the wretch's face, and then sped through the car to the ground and along the road.

So the girl was left alone, as she thought, and the lights blinked and glimmered, and the night came down, not darkly, but like a mountain mist. From the wood came the murmur of insects and the ripple of a brook, a lulling sound of which she was conscious, as one who had not known that intense grip had removed and restrained the ring. She would explain, but how would she dare face him after the incident? Ah, there lay the sting! No one for an instant would doubt her story; but would he dare dispute her nature? Then, was life forever after an impenetrable gloom? If this brown, subdued, demure young man was the hero of her dreams, who had diverted every impulse of her soul during the month, then he was no longer brown and subdued and demure, but altogether glorious and worshipful. And what a miserable little fool she had been not to perceive it! Granted that she was near-sighted, a blind person of any discernment must have realized at once his grand personality. Had she, then, slurred beyond forgiveness? No; surely one so noble would ignore her infamy, even as the lion scorns the yelping of a jackal. But was such forgiveness what she craved? Ah, how could she trust to herself that she would not confess to herself that she was a slave?

There were pleasant sounds of laughter, and the men entered. Winnie watched Amos Neames with eyes of adulation. How noble, how gallant, how so, as she turned toward his mother, so courteous toward his entertainers. Ah, modesty was the only panoply befitting a knight without peer! A great gratitude swelled within the girl and overmastered every other emotion. He had risked his life to save her, a stranger, from worse than death; no conventional scruple should restrain the expression of her appreciation. With a gesture which seemed imperious, because it was impatient, she called him to her side. "Shall we sound that chord, Miss Driscoll," he began gently, "or do you think that so dull a slave can have no thought save of slavery?"

"Oh, don't pray don't!" Winnie pleaded. "Forgive me. I didn't recognize you. Oh, you were so good!" and before he could comprehend or stay the emotion she bent and kissed his hand.

Amos Neames flashed and flamed with passion. No one, surely, could deem him a brown, subdued and demure young man; and least of all could Winnie. He seemed to "I would rather have died than have had you do that," he cried. "I am the one to worship you, my worship you for ever, you feel don't you know that from the instant I saw you I have loved you?"

Winnie smiled, oh, so tenderly. "Amos," she murmured, "Amos," "what a dear name!" At this moment there was a sharp, discordant interruption. "My son," rasped Mrs. Neames's voice, "what young miss there with your grand father's ring, which you said you had?" "Yes," whispered the girl, "I have your ring, and—and I'll keep it if you like."

—New York Times.

A DOCTOR'S FEAT.

An American Swims from Sicily to New York Recorder.

Dr. Judson Daland, who has been investigating the cholera epidemic in Italy and Sicily for the health officer of this port, writes the following to Dr. Jenkins, secretary:

"While in Messina searching for cholera, in order to keep our health officer well informed of the sanitary condition of Sicily, I read of the terrible strong current and whirlpool in the Strait of Messina, more especially at that point between Sicily and Calabria. It occurred to me that it would make a good swim, more especially as the hotel keeper, who had lived in the village fishing village called Faro, for thirty years, told me that no one had ever swum across, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, although many a man had tried, including the hotel keeper himself."

"I took to the water at 4:30 p. m. and arrived in good condition in the Italian shore at 6:30 p. m., a distance of six or seven miles. I started from the Sicilian side at the point of the promontory called Faro, and was forced by the powerful current to make a landing at the village called Riggio on the Italian shore. The entire swim was made without stimulation, and I restricted myself to a few sips of water, not using the back at all. I swam during the swim strong and vigorous, running apparently in all directions, the direction changing every few moments."

"The currents were at times warm and others icy cold. There was a high wind and a choppy sea, making it extremely difficult to breathe. I returned to Messina in good condition, and that evening went to the opera."

The Bulldog's Day.

Cincinnati Tribune.

This season the ugly dog is the fashion. Maybe the bulldog will catch on.

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

The Three Robbers—A Riddle.

They were three robbers; aye,
And they robbed a red, red rose;
And they came from out the sky,
And they went where no man knows.

One came—a robber bold—
And a sabbat he wore,
And he stole a red, red rose;
And he robbed her treasure-store;

One came when the day was young,
And rent the curtain gray
Of mist that round her hung,
And he stole her pearls away;

One came when the day was dead,
And no one saw him pass;
And he caught her petals red
And threw them upon the grass.

Three robbers bold were they,
And they robbed a red, red rose;
And they came and went away,
And whither—no man knows.

—November St. Nicholas.

Indian Summer.

These are the days when birds come back—
A very few, a bird or two—
To take a backward look.

These are the days when the skies put on
The old, old sophistries of June—
A blue and gold mistake.

Oh, fraud that cannot cheat the bee,
Almost thy sap-suckling
Induces my belief.

Till racks of seeds their witness bear,
And softly through the altered air
Hurries a timid leaf!

Oh, sacrament of summer days!
Oh, last communion in the haze!
Permit a child to join.

Thy sacred emblems to partake,
Thy consecrated bread to break,
Taste thine immortal wine.

—Emily Dickinson.

Aftermath.

No field its grain gives double,
But after sickles keen
Have swept the yellow stubble
The weeds grow bold and green.

My life cannot bear double
Of faith and hope serene,
But through the parching stubble
The weeds are showing green.

Once I was glad with sowing,
While the butler nearby
Once life was sweet with knowing
No weeds grew in between.

Wearily through the stubble
At eve I go to glean,
The peace of harvesters trouble
Because weeds grow between!

—Meredith Nicholson, in Boston Transcript.

Grief.

The first great grief that comes into a life
Seems hardest, for the heart has known
No pain.
But when each day brings greater care and strife,
And life endures, the heart must hope again.

—Cy Warman.

Going to the Wars.

Tell me, sweet, I am quiet,
That from the number
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To wars and arms I fly!

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field,
And with a stranger's faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore—
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

—Robert Herrick.

Love Is Love.

Art is fine—but love is finer,
Who can paint the soul?
Seek't thou beauty? What's diviner,
Fragment, or the whole?

Song is sweet—but love is sweeter,
We there ever hymn
That for compass and for meter
Awe'd the seraphim?

Thought is great—but love is greater,
Who can search our truth?
Love alone is revelator
Love is love, in sooth.

—Richard Realf.

My Garden.

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot and crocus bed,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grove—

The voices school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contents that God is not—
Not God in garden when the eve is cool?

Nay, but I have a sign:
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

—T. E. Brown.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

There are 141 schools of theology in this country, with 686 professors and 6,889 students.

In 1522 books on geometry and astronomy were destroyed in England as savors of magic.

In 1891 the sum of \$6,849,298 was donated to the colleges of this country for various purposes.

During the tenth century the Saracens had seventeen universities, Cordova being the chief.

The first schools for the separate education of girls were founded during the Roman empire.

The agricultural capital of Europe has doubled since 1850; that of the United States has increased sixfold.

A swarm of flies will make their appearance at a car window and easily keep pace with the train, even though it be rushing across the country forty miles an hour.

Next to Westminster Abbey there is no place of sepulchre of such historic interest in the British Isles as Bunhill Fields, the resting place of John Bunyan, Daniel Defoe and Isaac Watts.

Mr. Eddy, of Bayonne, N. J., has deposited a set of teeth in the teeth of a dead man, 4,400 feet, and they will rise in a team up. The Weather Bureau is interested in their workings.

The origin of the American navy dates from 1775, when Congress authorized the equipment of two cruisers. By October, 1892, the American fleet consisted of twenty-six vessels, mounting 536 guns.

When it becomes generally known that russet shoes can be easily shined with a fresh, young skin, a piece of raw cow or tomato or potato the sale of a patent russet polish may fall off somewhat.

The late Major Decker, the middest, weighed a ton at birth, and his physicians predicted that he could not live two days. Yet he survived forty-four years, and it is said was drunk half of his life.

Probably the richest town in the country in point of population is Brookline, a suburb of Boston. The population is 23,000, and its own property valued at \$2,000,000. Its wealth increased 14 per cent. last year.

Needle were first made with very rude machinery in 1545. At that date a workman did well if he turned out ten a day. It is estimated that the present output of the United States exceeds 8,000,000 a year, while England makes 10,000,000.

The first almanac was printed in Hungary in 1493. One medical firm in this country now prints and circulates over 3,000,000 a year, and it is estimated that the total number printed annually in this country does not fall short of 150,000,000.

The highest price per pound ever paid for tea was at the Mining Lane tea auction on Feb. 5, 1891. The price of a five-pound parcel of "Golden Tip" from Ceylon was knocked down at 23 1/2 pence per pound, or at a sum equal to \$2.10 in United States currency.

The health commissioners of Minnesota have prohibited the exchange of lead pencils among the school children. They say that diphtheria and other diseases are often transmitted by putting the pencil in the mouth, which is a very common habit, not only with children, but adults.

When the great tower now being constructed at Wembley Park, near Harrow, in England, which corresponds to the height of the Eiffel tower. The height will be 1,150 feet, and it stands on a hill 165 feet high. It is a very common habit, not only with children, but adults.

In the plains on the western borders of the Chinese empire, in the very heart of Asia, there live roaming tribes who seldom visit towns except it may be in the way of trade. They dwell in tents, which they pitch wherever they may happen for the moment to be wandering or working.

The government of Saxony has adopted a novel method of collecting the payment of taxes. The names of persons who do not pay their taxes last year are printed and hung on the doors of the houses. The proprietors dare not serve those mentioned on the lists with food or drink under penalty of losing their houses.

The proprietors of a cigar shop in Philadelphia died of black diphtheria a few days ago, and that the danger of contagion

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HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Metaphors.

Good News.
Teacher—Yes, "thorny paths" is a metaphor. Now, what are metaphors?

Dull Boy—Paths where yeh can't ride pneumatic.

Where Literary Tastes Differed.
Philadelphia Record.
Miss Waldo, of Boston—I do love Swinburne. His melody is so—so melodious.

Miss Lakefront, of Chicago—Yes, and I do love his odes. They are so odious.

Little Dick Has Views.
Good News.
Little Dot—Women is ever so much better than men.

Little Dick—They is, is they? Well, which would you rather have, a stepmother or a stepfather?

Good News.
Little Dick—I know why little colored boys is so happy.

Dr. Greyhound—Yes, I accepted a manuscript which contained the expression "I presume," instead of "I fancy."

Would Have Known Better.
New York Herald.
Ho—What is the reason you won't let me

kiss you when I ask you? Is it because you think I have kissed other girls?

She—No, I answer you of that. He—Indeed? Why?

She—Because, if you had you wouldn't have kissed me.

A Thoroughgoing Disavowal.
Vogue.
Alice—Are you the person who has tried to create the impression that my teeth are artificial?

He—Heavens, no! I've said everywhere I believed you were born with them.

In the Workshop.
Vogue.
"That Auger is a sharp fellow," said the Hammer to the Saw, "but he runs around a good deal."

"Yes," replied the saw slowly, between his teeth, "and what an awful bore he is!"

He Was a Real Boy, Too.
Harper's Bazar.
"Mamma, may I have a cup of real tea, just make-believe cambric tea?"

"What's a 'quotient'?"
Little Johnny—It's what you get by dividing one number by another.
"Oh, it's the answer, is it?"
Yes.
"Why don't they call it the answer?"
"Cause that word is too easy to remember."